until one night an enormous negro rushed out of one of the open doors upon these self-invited guests and half-killed these new Haroun al Raschids.

The Spirit of George, The Adventurer, has led his latter-day descendant into motley surroundings, a brilliant kaleidoscope of scenes has followed the grey opening of childhood's gloom, when even classical fiction was forbidden, no letters allowed to be written, nor walks taken on Sunday, nor even the piano opened unless accompanied by a hymn, when an untimely discovery of a secret purchase ot Scott's " Kenilworth " nearly led to a severe chastisement, when one was sternly commanded to remove a flower from a dress, and to be absent from the music of a secular band. Ah well! Life has been highly coloured since and has brought many changes.

To know the social worlds of three continents. To be in throne rooms, and in green rooms. To curtsey to European sovereigns, and to dance in halls where the Great Mogul

dreamed. To pitch one's tent in the phantom
city of the Durbar Camp, with princes for
neighbours, who had emeralds for breastplates
and giants in chain arnnour for followers. To

see